The Old Auto

By Gilbert Webster

The crowning ambition of Neil Borden was to possess an automobile. He began saving money to that end, but the process was a slow one. He was a bright, rubicund young man of twenty-two, earned sixty dollars a month as a clerk, and was too good-natured and satisfied with life to quarrel or complain. He was free-hearted, ingenious, but simple and credulous, and as he had never done anything to set the world on fire, was set down as mediocre, and contented with being classed in that category.

As said, Neil longed for an automobile, and had saved up something towards it, and then a queer freak of fate, or rather misadventure, brought the coveted object of his desire direct to his doorstep.

A bird of evil omen, adventurer, swindler and soldier of fortune named Boyden, looking for a place to light, swooped down upon Fairview to interest those having money in a gold mine promotion. They had been bitten before, however, and Boyden met with little success. He kept his automobile in an old shed, all that was left of structural evidence on a lot where the house had burned down. He sent for a partner in crime, one Davlin, to join him and select some other territory containing gullible investors.

Davlin arrived at Fairview, many seas over, took it upon himself to appropriate the auto out for a spin, and about midnight, at his hotel, Boyden was called out of bed to the telephone.

"It's me," was announced in maudlin tones.

"Who is me?" demanded Boyden.

"Joe Davlin, of course. Say, Boyden, I'm all in, and I've run the machine into a telegraph pole and pretty nigh smashed it to flinders. You'll have to get some garage machine to haul us into town."

Boyden's keen eyes sparkled. He was never at a loss to turn an incident to his own advantage.

"You get right to the hotel here," he ordered his befuddled friend mandatorily. "Leave the machine where it is. Don't say a word to anybody about the accident. Do just as I say, or I'll throw you over for good."

In the course of an hour Davlin arrived at the hotel. Boyden got him to bed. Then he used the phone liberally. He sent word to the office of the city company insuring his automobile against theft, that it had been stolen. Placidly chuckling, he went to bed himself, feeling that he had done a good hour's work.

Next day the insurance adjuster arrived. The local watchman had found the wrecked machine, minus its tires, which someone had stolen. There could be no doubt that it had been stolen and wrecked. Boyden received three times what he would have taken for the machine and left for new fields of adventure and speculation.

It happened that Neil came upon the adjuster, anxious to settle the affair and get back to the city. The wreck was offered to the local garage for $100."

"I wouldn't give $50," remarked the garage man contemptuously.

"Take it for $50," pressed the insurance adjuster eagerly.

"Don't want it at any price."

"Forty?"

"No."

"I'll give forty," spoke up Neil, and the bargain was clinched on the spot.

Ned had a friend who operated a small machine shop, and to his place he had the wrecked auto taken. The latter was friendly and clever. He patched up the disjointed machine, happened to have a set of solid rubber tires that had been once used on a truck, and, clumsy, grinding, missing fire regularly, but going just the same, the machine tore proudly about the village. Neil was too pleased to hear the jeers of those who criticized the old rattletrap. He was proud as Lucifer when, coming down a steep hill, he was arrested for speeding.

"That wasn't power," enlightened a friend. "It was momentum."

"What does it matter, so she goes!" chirped Neil.

Now, destiny was preparing a new surprise for Neil, which linked in with the incident of the wreck. One day a handsome young man and a lovely girl of seventeen, Gabrielle North, left the train at Fairview with some trepidation.

They hastened to reach the outskirts of the town. On a bench outside of the shed where Neil kept his beloved automobile and was tinkering over it inside at that moment, they sat down to rest.

"The telegram from our mutual friend which we received here, says that your uncle has wired to have us stopped when we reach Rosebury," spoke the young man in an anxious and serious tone.

"Then it seems," murmured the young lady sorrowfully, "that we can't go to Rosebury."

"No, not by train, and as soon as your uncle finds we have left the train he will have his hireling spies after us all along the route."

"Oh, Walter! what are we ever going to do?" wailed the girl at the point of tears.

"Reach Rosebury some other way than by rail," was the prompt response. "You see, watchful as your uncle is, he don't know that we are headed for my friend, the Rev. Jarvis Bothwell at Rosebury, who will marry us at once. Then we can defy the malignant old guardian, who is bound you shall wed another man of his selection."

"Walter," sobbed Gabrielle pathetically, "I am yours till death!"

All this and much more Neil overheard, hammer suspended, his good, sympathetic heart stirred to his depths. At the end of ten minutes he understood the situation complete.

Here were two gentle souls pursued by an ogre in the shape of a meretricious relative and guardian, who sought to rend them rudely apart and crush their mutual love under his feet. It should not be! Neil startled the cooing, calculating pair by abruptly confronting them.

"Friends," he announced clearly, "I've been eavesdropping. I overheard all you said, and I'm going to help you."

Gabrielle clung closer to her brave lover. Walter scanned hopefully the open, honest face of the intruder.

"How can you help us?" he questioned dubiously.

"By taking you to Rosebury in my automobile."

"But the roads may be watched."

"I won't take the roads," explained Neil, "that is, the traversed roads. Here's the proposition; if you think that striking Rosebury after dark by an untraveled route you can manage to reach this minister friend without being discovered, I'll get you there."

"You will!"

"Without fail!"

"I'll make it the best day's work you ever did," pledged Walter Young. "See here, friend, I'm not marrying this jewel of an angel for money. I've got more of it than she has. It's a case of genuine, disinterested love and a cruel, scheming guardian."

"I guessed that," nodded Neil in a chipper way. "Now let me explain to you. There's a half road west; no one ever uses it now. It runs by the old glass factory that burned down. It's made up of refuse and cinders that would ruin ordinary tires in ten minutes. I've got solid ones. Folks have jeered at my old machine, but all the same it can make that trip, and they couldn't even begin it."

"Oh, Walter, this is dreadful!" palpitated Gabrielle, as, an hour later, in the dark the old auto bumped and skidded and thundered along over the glass works road.

"Not when it throws you into my arms!" cried Walter jubilantly. "Think of our good fortune in running across this genuinely fine young fellow, with a heart big as the moon!"

With a whiz the automobile finally rolled out into a smooth country lane.

"You've arrived," announced Neil. "What's the program? This is the edge of Rosebury."

"I think," spoke Walter, after brief thought, "that I'll take no risks. I'll leave you two here, go for Mr. Bothwell and we'll get married before we venture into town."

He was gone an hour. He returned with his friend. There, in the automobile, the solemn words were pronounced that made the runaways man and wife.

"For you," spoke Walter Young, taking Neil aside and pressing a folded slip of paper into the hand of their gallant chauffeur. "It's a check, and good, and none too big for a man who has helped me with the best little girl in the world!"

When Neil Borden opened the check, back at Fairview, four hours later, he found it to be for one thousand dollars. The adventure it commemorated had awakened latent romance in his heart. He could afford to think of a life companion now, and did. His choice fortunately fell upon a sweet souled creature who did not disdain riding in the old automobile, and Neil made that the test of her worthiness.

WAKEFUL HOURS SEEM LONG

One Thinks He Has Slept Little if He Is Aroused Several Times During the Night.

It is surprising what little sleep men can get on with, and then, not a few men who think they are getting only an hour or two of sleep a night, are really getting much more; but because they awake or are awakened five or six times during the night they think they sleep very little in between, says a writer in the American Magazine. Nothing is so fallacious as our estimate of how long we have been asleep. Usually when we wake, feeling quite rested, we were scarcely more than an hour or two asleep. If we wake feeling so tired that we hope it is before midnight, it is probably nearly time to get up. Only too often, indeed, it is after the time.

Feeling rested is very largely a matter of how much our wills are awakened, how firmly we have got hold of ourselves and then how interesting is the work ahead of us and how anxious we are to get up and get at it, while feeling fatigued is very much a matter of not wanting to get up, because the work ahead of us is annoying and full of complications, and is not promising at best, and has, perhaps, been put off for three or four days because we do not care to get at it.

Imitating the Cows.

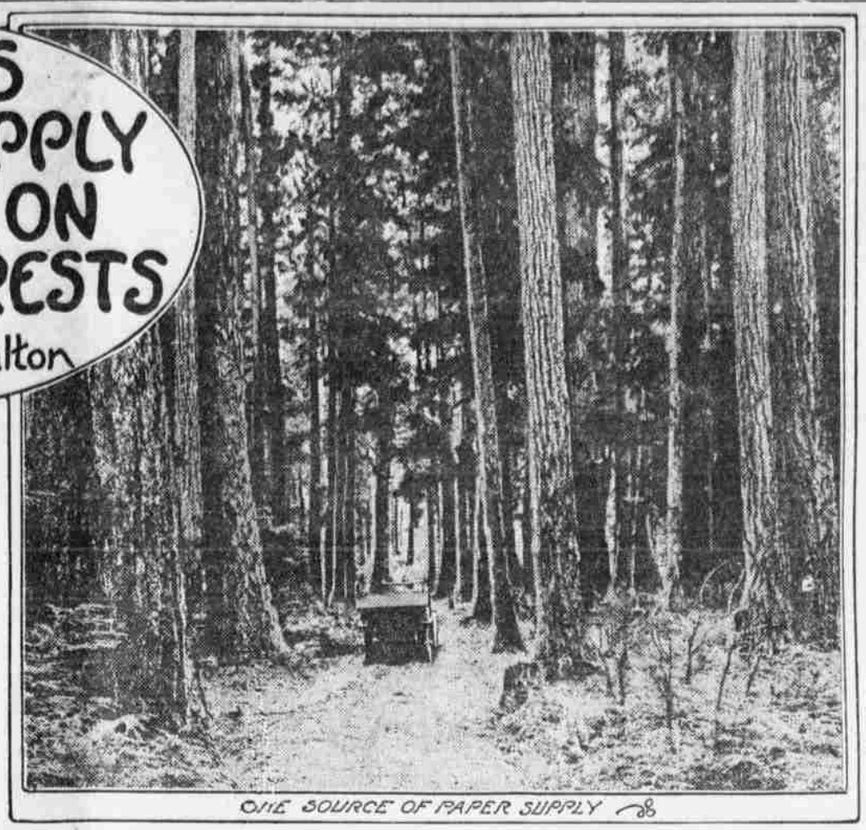
"Can I get some fresh eggs at your house today?" asked a neighbor of small Harry.

"No, madam," replied the little fellow. "All our hens have gone dry."

NATION'S PAPER SUPPLY DEPENDS ON SAVING FORESTS

by Robert H. Moulton

Our policy of wilful waste in the past is bringing about a condition of woeful want :: Alaska's great resources



ONE SOURCE OF PAPER SUPPLY

THE people of the United States are the most inveterate and wasteful readers of newspapers in the world. Not only do we have the largest papers for the least money, but we demand an extra edition almost every hour, in the bigger cities of the country. Like griddle cakes, we like them only when they're hot, and the wonderful pictorials for which the world has been scanned by the editors, are thrown aside after a cursory examination.

Did you ever stop to think of the time when this incessant demand for the print paper may not be met? Already we hear of the rapid increase in the price of pulp, which is reaching a stage where many of the smaller publications of the country will have to go out of business. Even the bigger ones are feeling the pinch, and some are raising their prices, others reducing the number of pages, and still others are making the advertiser pay. The newspapers have not been the only ones to suffer by pulp shortage, for book publishers, too, have had their worries. In fact, all users of paper, down to the schoolboy with his tablet, have had to pay more for an inferior quality of paper than was the case a year or two ago.

In 1914, we used about 5,000 tons of newsprint every day. Our present use has reached 6,000 tons a day, and the demand is increasing at the rate of about 10 per cent a year, which is greatly in excess of the rate of increase in population.

To supply our presses with newsprint requires annually about 3,000,000 cords of pulp wood. To meet our requirements for magazines and book papers, stationery and business papers of all kinds, 4,000,000 cords more of pulp wood are consumed annually. Production barely keeps up this consumption, for while it is estimated the newspapers will need about 888,000 tons for the first six months of this year, the estimated supply is fixed at 930,000 tons.

But a few years ago this country was able to supply all of its own needs and in addition furnish paper to foreign countries, but that time has passed. Now we must depend upon Canada for at least a third of our domestic supply, and this percentage is rapidly increasing.

Our forefathers, and even our fathers, looked about them, and saw apparently endless and inexhaustible supplies of forest trees. The woodman was not told to "spare that tree," and they were ruthlessly, sometimes wantonly, destroyed. Where one tree was utilized for commercial purposes, two trees were allowed to remain as they fell, only to rot away or be burned in the first forest fire that swept over the devastated area. Today this policy has resulted in our privately owned supply of pulp woods being so exhausted that not more than 15 years' supply remains.

Serious as the situation appears to be, there is no cause for alarm, if we wake up to our duty to conserve our remaining supply. There is enough pulp wood in our national forest to meet the future needs of this country, and if we pursue a systematic course in avoiding waste in our wood-manufacturing plants and encourage the reforestation of our cut-over lands (of which there are 70,000,000 acres in the northern states alone) we could easily supply the world. By following the correct practices of forestry, and by conserving our supply, the publicly owned timber in the United States will last indefinitely.

The forest service has estimated that there are in the national forests at least 300,000,000,000 feet of pulp wood. This is equivalent to 600,000,000 cords, and for all kinds of paper we use but 7,000,000 cords a year. This estimate does not include the pulp wood available on privately owned lands of the West.

Practically all of our pulp is at present made from northern woods, where stumpage costs run from $2.50 to $5 per cord, standing in the forest. In the West timber suitable for the manufacture of pulp ranges in price from 25 cents to $1.25 per cord. The fact that these vast supplies in the West have not yet been developed is due to several causes. Lack of transportation has been a big handicap and then the large investments tied up in the paper mills preclude their movement while it is possible to secure timber nearer at hand, even at vastly higher prices.

From the standpoint of geographical location and transportation to the majority of the paper users in the central and eastern states. The Western paper woods fall into two broad belts. The first is available to tidewater shipments from the Pacific coast, lying principally on the west slope of the Cascade mountains in Oregon and Washington, including vast areas tributary to Puget sound and running up along the seaboard in southeasterly Alaska. There are 70,000,000,000 feet of spruce and hemlock in the national forests of Alaska alone. In many respects the conditions found in Alaska duplicate those of Norway, the leading country of the world in the paper industry. It is said by those who have studied the country that the forest of Alaska will produce more wealth for the United States than even her gold or her coal, vast and valuable as are those commodities.

The second timber belt of Western paper woods extends through the northern Rocky mountains, from the Canadian line into Colorado and Utah. This belt, shut off from water transportation can hardly be considered a practical source of supply of paper for the eastern states, but is a logical storehouse of raw materials for the paper requirements of the Mississippi valley. The Rocky mountains contain a number of excellent paper woods, and with proper development should supply both the paper required for local consumption and that necessary to replace the diminishing supplies of the lake states for the needs of the middle West.

In addition to the principal pulp-supplying woods, spruce and hemlock, it has been found from tests made by the government that at least 12 other species are suitable for the manufacture of pulp. Some of these new species are Englemann spruce, lodgepole pine, white fir and other cheap and plentiful coniferous woods of the West. At least ten of these woods were found to be good enough for newsprint, and paper made from some of them was actually used in editions of several metropolitan newspapers.

In looking to the West for our future supply of wood pulp it is gratifying to note that two other elements that will make for the ready development of the wood-pulp industry are found in proximity to the forests. These two elements are waterpower and coal. Throughout the mountainous states of the West are hundreds of streams, the power from which, if conserved and harnessed, would operate with the minimum of expense, the greatest pulp plants in the world. The same is true of our undeveloped coal fields in Alaska and other states.

In carrying out the government policy of utilizing the natural resources of the country without injuring them, the forest service last year made sales of public timber amounting to $1,795,000. These sales were made to a great number of widely scattered interests, including lumber companies, railroads, mining companies and one Western paper mill. To encourage the establishment of new mills and pulp plants in the West, the government has announced that it will enter into long-term contracts for the supplying of timber at moderate prices, and under such conditions as are just, both to the purchaser and the public.

Experts report that it is entirely practical to manufacture newsprint in Alaska and deliver it, through the Panama canal, to New York, at a cost of not more than $35 per ton. When it is considered that current prices for similar paper range from $60 a ton upward, it is evident that a new industry could be built up in Alaska that would be an exceedingly profitable one.

While no definite plans have been made to that end, it is possible that before long Uncle Sam may find it profitable to erect his own mill in Alaska to produce print paper. Such a mill would cost about $2,500,000, and it would pay for itself within a few years. The present attitude of the government officials is that if private manufacturers of paper can be induced to meet the demands of the country it would be unwise for the government to enter the field, but if our present threatened shortage of paper materializes, such a plant will doubtless be constructed in Alaska.

Another phase of the wood-pulp industry that is being considered by the government experts, is to more fully utilize the vast quantities of wood wasted annually by the sawmills of the country. This waste aggregates something over 60,000,000 cords a year, a large part of which might be saved.

If we are to make our paper industry a permanent one, it is necessary for us not only to conserve our present supply but to plant cut-over lands, to insure a supply in the years to come. Denuded lands can be planted with 1,000 young trees per acre at a cost of about $10 per acre. Some of the large paper companies are now doing this, and their efforts are being encouraged by the government. In addition, the forest service is carrying out a definite policy of reforestation in various parts of the country.

BOYS IN KHAKI AND SOME WHO ARE NOT QUICK TO LEARN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

Men have taken to the study of French with only a little less assiduity than women to knitting. They are a trifle more shy about it, to be sure. One does not hear them "parleying" to any great extent in public places, but they are secretly much pleased with their achievement of a few phrases, and, make no doubt about it, they will soon be able to make love to the French girls and keep up their end of the conversation with the poilus.

Of course, it began with the soldiers and sailors, this eagerness to learn French. They had good reason, and, besides, there were invitations displayed everywhere for them to enroll themselves in French classes and be taught this delightful language without charge. There aren't so many things offered free, even to young men in uniform, that they can afford to slight anything bearing the gratis tag.

Then there are a great many attractive young women who pucker their mouths up quite bewitchingly in teaching the novice how to pronounce the French "u." A pretty American girl as a teacher of French is a temptation to those who would not pursue learning for its own sake. Of course, there are all kinds of teachers and some are stern—just teachers. But most of them seem to have a pretty good idea that the young men in uniform are not wanting to read Corneille or Moliere at present, but just to know the words that may help them to find their way around in France when they are off duty and ask for something to eat or a few things like that, and if they go a little further will help them at least to start a conversation with the French of both sexes.

"Easy French" and other little books with similarly alluring titles are to be found in many a khaki pocket and are pulled out for study on the train or elsewhere. One young man with a single bar on his shoulder covered the English part of the menu with his hand in a restaurant and read aloud every article on the French side to his own great satisfaction. The only sad moment was when he gave his order in his best French and the waiter said, "Beg pardon, sir."

Young men who are not in uniform are taking up French, too. Of course, they never know when they may be called.

Also, after the war every one will want to go to France and won't want to leave all the talking to the military chaps, who will be puffed up enough, any way. French is going to be such a popular language and the French such fine people that it would be bad form for an American to be out of it altogether.

Two young men were having a discussion as to which it would be more advantageous to study, French or Spanish, if an American wanted a second language at his command. "Spanish will be the language of the most profitable business for us, that of South America," one asserted.

"There will be some business to be done with the French," replied the other.

"No, French will be all right as an accomplishment and for social purposes, but I'll bet there will be more dollars for the man who speaks Spanish."

"Spain's a foreign country to me, but France is my kin. Me for the French language."

Aside from the American volunteers who have learned enough French at home or abroad to feel qualified to pass it on there are many French persons who are exceedingly glad to exchange the knowledge of their mother tongue for the useful American dollar.

To the taunt that Americans could never really talk French a man, conning a book on French idioms, retorted, "Well, I bet we can beat the Tommies out."

One Man Considered Enlistment Good as a Raise of Wages—Isidore Kantor's Mistake.

Some amusing stories are coming out of the draft exemption boards. In Chicago one of those called for examination claimed exemption on the ground of supporting his mother.

"I save $6 a week out of my pay and give it to my mother," he said.

"Well, do you know you can save $8 out of your army pay and give it to her?"

"Is that so? Sure, you can take me, then. It's just as good as getting a raise."

Of a different nature is an incident that occurred in New York. They were testing the eyes of Isidore Kantor, who claimed his sight was very poor. After placing him a little closer to the eye chart one of the examiners asked:

"Now can you see?"

"I see," said Isidore, "nothing but a blur."

Then they took him closer yet.

"How now?"

"Everyt'ing," said Isidore, "is like a fog in front of me."

Far across the room an assistant examiner held aloft an oblong bit of yellowish paper.

"Whoever tells me what this is can have it," he yelled.

Isidore turned and took one short look.

"I got it!" he announced. "It's a ten tollars!"

That particular $10 was held back, but the exemptors promised Isidore that his Uncle Sam will give him three like it every month until the war is over.

MOTHER'S OVERSIGHT.

Olive was teasing to have a party on her birthday, which came in the winter, so she could invite the little girls whose parties she had attended the previous summer. But as the weather was severe at that time she was told she would have to give it up, as none of her little friends would be able to come on account of the cold. She fretted considerably over this, and finally exclaimed: "Mother, why didn't you ask God to send me in the summer time?"

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 18

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 2:1-11.
GOLDEN TEXT—Ask and it shall be given unto you.—Matthew 7:7.

It was four months after Nehemiah learned of the desolation of Jerusalem that he had the opportunity to make known his request to the king. Just why he did not test the king's attitude toward him and his project earlier, we have no information. Perhaps there was no great function at which he was called upon to minister in this interval, or his turn of service had not arrived, or his duties were so exacting that no opportunity was afforded for him to unbosom his grief to the king.

I. Nehemiah's Request to the King (vv. 1-8). (1) Its occasion, v. 1. As cup-bearer he was ministering before the king. The cup-bearer was more than a mere valet. He entered very closely into the life's interests of the king, so that the inner life and spirit of the cup-bearer was known. It was expected of such servants that they manifest perfect happiness while in the presence of the king. To appear in his presence otherwise would likely be to the displeasure of the king. Nehemiah's sad countenance while thus serving awakened the king's suspicion. The matter was serious for Nehemiah was afraid under the circumstances.

(2) The king's inquiry, v. 2. The king perceived that Nehemiah's countenance was sad, though he was not sick, and he knew that something extraordinary had come into the life of his cup-bearer.

(3) The effect upon Nehemiah, v. 2. His heart was filled with fear. He did not know but what this impropriety was so great as to cause his dismissal. His fear was more than that of losing his position; to be dismissed from being cup-bearer would mean the loss of an opportunity to present his request to the king; and, without the king's sanction and aid, his enterprise would fail.

(4) Nehemiah's tactful reply, v. 3. He seeks to conciliate the king by expressing a deep interest in the royal life and person. He says: "May the king live forever," and then tells that the cause of his grief was the desolation of the city where his fathers were buried.

(5) The contents of Nehemiah's request, vv. 5-8. (a) To be sent to Judah to build the walls of Jerusalem, vv. 5, 6. This request virtually meant to be granted a leave of absence from the Persian court and to be appointed military governor of that part of the kingdom of Artaxerxes. The king, doubtless, saw that such a move would be of particular benefit to his kingdom politically, owing to the strategic position of Jerusalem, between Babylon and Egypt. In the case of the breaking out of hostilities between these powers, to have a fortified city in Palestine would be of immense importance. At the king's request, a definite time was set for this leave of absence, v. 6. He remained in Jerusalem for twelve years. A side light on the king's gracious attitude toward Nehemiah is given in this: "The queen also sitting by him." She is not named, but in all probability it was Esther.

(b) For letters to the governors beyond the river, v. 6. Doubtless the path of his journey was a dangerous one, and the travelers' safety depended upon having credentials from the king. These letters were more than mere credentials. They were orders for actually conveying him and his party to Judah. Ezra, years before, had desisted from asking a band of soldiers, but Nehemiah was free to ask such a favor. It was right in both cases, but not expedient in that of Ezra. Many problems are clear, if we distinguish between that which is lawful and that which is expedient.

(c) A letter of requisition for supplies of timber, v. 8. This timber was needed, first for the palace or castle, that is, for the fortress near the temple; second, for the walls and gates of the city; and third, for the king's official residence.

II. Nehemiah's Request Granted, v. 8. Nehemiah was a tactful diplomat. He exercised sound sense and prudence in all things, but he supremely depended upon God and prayed for God's disposal of the king's heart as he made his request known, v. 4. The king granted his request "according to the good hand of my God upon me," v. 8. He ascribes the success of his undertaking to God.

III. Nehemiah's Journey to Jerusalem, vv. 9-11. He journeyed from Shushan to Jerusalem under the protection of a military escort. This was of double value: protection and safety. When it was known that Nehemiah was undertaking this work with the consent of the king, Sanballat and Tobiah were greatly grieved. It always is a grief to the enemy when that which will further the interest of God and his people is being made to succeed. When he reached Jerusalem, he did not at once make his purpose known. He waited for three days and then viewed the situation at night.